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to do with his celebrity in France as did his works.

"Le goût pour les ruines gothiques, pour les sépulcres que hantent les fantômes s'unit aux souvenirs d'Ossian et ébaucha déjà les nuits hallucinées où se complairont les lecteurs de Walter Scott" (p. 119). There are few or no such 'nuits hallucinées' in Scott, who was above all virile; there are in Coleridge, and the sort of thing here referred to might be found in the German romanticists.

We find (pp. 183-184) the statement: "Mais tous [manuels, traités, encyclopédies] citent Boileau avec respect et restent dociles à son esprit." Diderot, in his own *Encyclopaedia*, speaks with scant respect of "ce versificateur Boileau," and some of Mr. Mornet's later references likewise tend to contradict this assertion.

Pages 219-224 deal with what the eighteenth-century writers and critics called "la poésie lyrique." When eighteenth-century writers speak of the *poème lyrique*, they usually mean merely a poem to be set to music and the phrase denotes the madrigals of La Motte or Fontenelle much more truly than poems like *Le Valon* or *Les Nuits*. This should have been brought out more clearly.

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Nietzsche and Art. By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.
Boston: John W. Luce and Co., 1912. \$1.50.

One advantage of being a Nietzschean is that it enables one to speak authoritatively on all subjects, to impose one's master-mind, one's "ruler" qualities, one's "wil to power," on all inferior beings. The tone of the superman is what annoys one in all such works and is that which wil ultimately prevent the Filosofer from coming into his own: for the unconverted superman wil rebel and destroy—as is his right—and the awed inferior being wil flee away to that destruction which is advised for him as one of the too, too many. This wil, in either case, leave the Nietzschean filosofer without the audience for his preachments, and surely

without that worship which his general assumption of the only "wil to power" seems to demand.

In Ludovici's book, clever and deliteful as it is, the same general assumption of indifference to historical phenomena, to the other man's point of view and psychology ar apparent. Paradoxical as it may seem, this stimulating work is hard to take seriously. Its very arrogation of the profetic tone, the beginning of each chapter with a scriptural citation and the ending of each—obviusly as a climax—with a quotation to be regarded as of inspirational force from "Thus Spake Zarathustra," giv the layman pause. One feels the danger of dout, for one wud be clast among the supermen; one longs to agree and thus leave the mass of obeyers and join the few chance products—"sports" they ar cald in botany—who alone can galvanize the ded masses of the ordinary. But one's unfortunate democracy makes one suspect that there is something in this aristocratizm which is a "fake," and that the superman is often nothing but a defeated Titan, and not a Titan in the Woodberry sense of the term either!

But it is perfectly obvius that there is something the matter with our present art values. The confusion in all the arts, the babble about great names, the rediness to run after strange gods, to post-future the futurists, to raise to the *n*-th power the cubists, to gape at pseudo art and to over-emfasize technik, ar sines of a decay in our creativ power. But whether we see the cause in extension of Christian morality—Nietzsche's slave morality—or in science, or in the acceptance of the theory of evolution, it is by no means clear, because Nietzsche says so, that the lay mind is the helpless mind and that the "ruler artist" is the imposer of beauty and the creator of esthetic values in a race. The Nietzschean doctrin of the "wil to power" may hold good in the intentions of an artist, and as an explanation of his unconscious hold on his civilization at its best, but it is too late in the history of the world to evaluate art only as an abstraction and the artist as the sole abstractor. The error of Ludovici is in supposing, as a con-

sistent Nietzschean of course, that the artist is independent of his age. It must be insisted on that he is a product of it, and as long as one holds to this point, one rejects all that Ludovici offers as to the function, the significance and the process of art. Within the bounds of his premises, the author is usually undeniably right, but these premises counteract all that our experience teaches us to be true of the workings of the human mind. One must reject categorically the notion that art values are created and do not grow out of the life of the people, for the artist is an interpreter. Each artist interprets the soul of his people, in poetry, in the plastic and pictorial arts, in music and architecture. If he is a failure (from this point of view), it is because his people have no message for the future, granted that there be any people with no message—and not that he himself has failed to rise to the ruler-artist type. But one does not grant even that: one insists that in each race or stratum, there is some necessary note which goes to make up the sum total of human experience: one insists uncompromisingly on the function of realism, either for its own sake, as a manifestation of life, or as a *pou sto* for a future idealism.

Certain specific points in Ludovici's book are worth noting: in denying the evolutionary origins of art in imitation, he fails to take into account the two types of savage civilization: the one, the primitive undeveloped savage who has racially never risen; the other, the savage whose race is in a stage of ethnological decay. In the origins of graphic art, as in dancing, lyric poetry, and in the choric arts in general, one has to be careful to distinguish remnants from origins, or better, from notes which are indicative of real beginnings. The same is true of language, where highly inflected forms are not always the sine of an advanced civilization: witness Sanskrit and Finnish. This distinction is not made by Ludovici, who thus throws confusion into his whole argument. To substitute for anthropological data an emotional or inspirational origin for art is to go backward and not forward.

Ludovici's definition of beauty is also narrow.

He regards it as possible only in the human form, as Lessing did a century and a half ago, and says that it exists only within the confines of a particular race. It is absolute within that race until the race becomes anthropologically impure; then its ideals waver. Therefore, the search for absolute beauty must be in those pure races which have molded civilization and of these, according to Ludovici, the Egyptian stands highest. Leaving aside the very doubtful proposition that the Egyptian race was a pure race, with an absolutely homogeneous civilization, what is the result for the canon of beauty from a study of this art? The requirements postulated are perfect, and the best of the book is the summing up of the demands of the best art under the six captions: symmetry, sobriety, simplicity, transfiguration, repetition, and variety. But is Egyptian art, with all its type forms, with its elimination of the characteristic, the only art which at all satisfies Ludovici's requirements? Ludovici does not advocate a romantic return to what might be called Nilism, but rejects all art that emphasizes in any way the individual. What if, as Nietzsche would have it, the greatest weakness of the present day is its inability to resist emotional stimuli? If this weakness is a source of beauty, is it not capable of producing art? To reject as non-existent a phase like our modern sensationalism because it does not fit into an ideal scheme, is nonsense! To reject realism as "police art" and romanticism as weakness, is to deny the whole value of personality, which may be good Nietzsche but is not good observation of living conditions. The vitiation of personality is that which must be resisted to the death.

The qualities of calm repose, the type qualities which Ludovici sees in Egyptian art, were postulated for Greece by Lessing long ago, and it was Herder who first saw rightly the weakness of Lessing's position. If the modern man requires more, if his nature is more nervous, if his reaction is that of the hairtrigger, he cannot be rejected by the historian on that account any more than the peace advocate can reject wars or the abstinence reformer, alcoholism. And to reject the landscape and the

portrait, as Lessing and Ludovici do, bases art on an assumption that is no longer tenable, namely that the human form is the sole or at least the highest object of artistic endeavor.

It is not because we are loose thinkers that we admire the landscape, where the ancients and Dr. Johnson did not. It is that our civilization has certain comforts in the way of travel and convenience that make it possible for us to lose some of the terror in nature and to enjoy where the ancients demonized it. Professor Fischer long ago pointed out that the enjoyment of the winter landscape was largely a matter of warm underwear and the Greek chiton is no costume in which to admire an Alpine view. The capacity for enjoyment grows; what the mature mind has to find is the right thing for the nation to enjoy. To do this he must rise with and above his race, as Ludovici rightly points out, but not as a mere impresser of extraneous idealism, not as a smoother of all rough places, but as an interpreter of the civilization from which he rises.

Ludovici's book is well worth reading. It has a mass of stimulating aphorisms, and though the author comes perilously near the ridiculus in his constructive section on Egyptian art, he has plenty to say on the canker in our body esthetic. It is the type of book in which one constantly makes marginal comment: the highest compliment one can pay to a work, for it is a sign that one is being spurred on to think.

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VICTOR HUGO

Le Cénacle de Joseph Delorme, par LÉON SÉCHÉ. I. *Victor Hugo et les Poètes*. II. *Victor Hugo et les Artistes*. Paris: Mercure de France, 1912. 2 vols. 403 and 303 pp.

Les Pamphlets contre Victor Hugo, par ALBERT DE BERSAUCOURT. Paris: Mercure de France, 1912. 393 pp.

Mr. Séché presents two collections of articles on the Romantic period. The titles suggest that Hugo is a central figure, and in the first

series this is the case, but in the second, where nearly all the space is given to the artists, the name of the volume is misleading. The tables of contents of the two books show a great variety of topics and serve to notify the reader that he must be prepared to wander into many a by-path, yet the material proves to be as valuable as it is miscellaneous.

While the author has achieved considerable success in the ordering of his chapters, there are a few instances of unnecessary and ineffective repetition. Thus, he discusses twice (I, 321; 368) Vigny's statement at the first presentation of *Hernani*: "Aux fureurs littéraires qui m'agitent je comprends les fureurs politiques de 93"; he describes twice (I, 104; 268-269) the tribute Dumas paid Sainte-Beuve by placing several stanzas from *Joseph Delorme* in *Henri III et sa cour*, and he explains each time that "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose" was substituted after the first performance. In at least two cases (I, 88-89 and 112-113; II, 66 and 108-109) he gives a long quotation twice when a single citation and cross references would have been better. There are several references to illustrations which are nowhere to be found in these volumes (I, 70; II, 85; II, 163). Especially disconcerting is the instance where the reader is invited to study the character of the Johannot brothers in a portrait not here reproduced (II, 208-209).¹

Several times the solutions offered for moot problems are not convincing. For example, Mr. Séché considers (Vol. I, Ch. 1) the tradition that Chateaubriand, after reading Hugo's ode on the death of the Duc de Berry, called the young poet "enfant sublime." He decides that the necessary facts are not available and that a final decision, a mathematical proof, is not possible. Yet surely Chateaubriand did say it, he continues, adducing the fact that already in the Twenties the remark was currently attributed to Chateaubriand and was taken seriously by everyone. Again (I, 242-243), he examines the origin of the word "Trisotisme" used by Henri de Latouche in a refer-

¹ Another imprint of the two volumes, also issued in 1912, does contain these illustrations.